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Thoughts on the relative state
of Great Britain and of France

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THOUGHTS

ON THE

RELATIVE STATE

OF

GREAT BRITAIN

AND OF

FRANCE,

AT THE CLOSE OF

MR. PITT'S

LIFE AND ADMINISTRATION,

IN 1806.

LONDON:

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IN 1800.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1800.

THOUGHTS,

&c.

If we contemplate the events which have taken place in Europe, domestic as well as foreign, since the commencement of last October, the history of many years appears to be compressed into the limits of a few weeks. It may be asserted, without either metaphor or exaggeration, that the united reigns of George the First and Second, which comprehended a period not far short of half a century; do not present, in their aggregate, matter so interesting to the felicity, or so important to the interests of mankind, as the last few weeks of the reign of George the Third. Whether we attempt to survey these events as they present themselves to us at the present moment, or to follow them in their future

probable consequences, the mind is equally appalled at the prospect. The history of past ages presents nothing which can be compared with the scene passing under our eyes; and those to whom the annals of the European commonwealth are most familiar, turn from it with indifference, while their attention is rivetted by the objects immediately around them.

The glorious victory of Trafalgar, clouded by the fall of the hero who acquired it, like that of Mantinea in antiquity; the ignominious capitulation of Mack, which cannot be paralleled even by those memorable ones of Finck and of Fouquet, in the seven years war; the rapid march of the French armies through Bavaria and Austria, to the walls of Vienna; the surrender of that capital without resistance; the abandonment of the bridges across the Danube; the passage of Buonaparte into Moravia; the battle of Austerlitz; the armistice; the peace of Presburg; the retreat of the Russians; the triumphant return of the conqueror to Munich and Paris; the creation of new monarchies by his Fiat; the complete subversion of the German

empire, already shaken by preceding shocks, and now nearly prostrate before its new despot:—finally, as if to complete the picture, the decease of Mr. Pitt; and the formation of a new Ministry, framed on a basis far more comprehensive in its nature than we have witnessed since 1783;—this extraordinary chain of events may well awaken from repose the most torpid, and alarm the most supine. With eager anxiety, we ask of each other, what is next to happen; and what destiny is reserved for Naples, for the European provinces of Turkey, for Portugal, and for the expiring remains of the German empire? We cannot even altogether consider the island which we inhabit, as completely beyond the power of such a mind, or the grasp of such an arm: and it requires all the confidence which we justly repose in our naval superiority, in our insular position, in our attachment to the Sovereign and to the Constitution, in our national courage, and our vast resources, to enable us to meet without dismay, the approaching conflict with so fierce, and so formidable an antagonist.

On surveying the transactions of the late campaign in Germany, and peculiarly those which marked its close in Moravia; the astonishment and consternation which they excite, are infinitely heightened by the reflection, that the humiliations and reverses which the Austrians sustained, and the catastrophe that followed, are attributable only to themselves. Whether we resolve it into the pusillanimity and misunderstandings of the Generals, or into the incapacity of the Ministers of the Cabinet of Vienna; or rather, conceive it to have arisen from a combination of those two causes; we find in it equal subject for the most poignant regret. Never did Buonaparte, at any period of his life, neither at Acre, at Lodi, nor at Marengo, commit so much to fortune, as when he crossed the Danube into Moravia, in the end of November. Never did he offer to his enemies a fairer occasion to have arrested his victories, and to have obliterated their past defeats or misfortunes. Even after the victory of Austerlitz, the Emperor Francis might have found inexhaustible resources for continuing the contest, and for eventually terminating it with honour. It is a pain-

ful, but it is a necessary task, to follow the progress of those events which produced the calamitous peace of Presburg. Europe will long retain the traces, and deplore the fatality, which led to that ignominious treaty.

That the victory at Austerlitz was eminently due to the superior military talents, the velocity, and the tactics of the French commander, will be readily admitted. Nor shall I contest the assertion, however deeply the admission must arraign the wisdom of the Austrian counsels; that after the defeat sustained on the second of December, His Imperial Majesty found himself without an army, without provisions, and without money. So did William, Prince of Orange, when Holland was overrun in 1672; so have many other princes, of whom modern history makes mention. But, while his person was free, if the "unconquerable mind" had only remained; if, like William, he had been determined "to perish in the last dyke;" nothing was lost on his side, nor was any thing solid attained on the part of the enemy.

It is evident, and indeed it is not contested, even by the French themselves, that subsequent to the defeat at Austerlitz, a very large army of Russians still remained entire. The road through Teschen to Cracow, lay open for the Emperor Francis's retreat. In the Imperial Poland, in Transylvania, in Croatia, and in Hungary, new levies, and incalculable means for renewing the war, would have been found. The auxiliary armies, on their march from Russia, would have there met the Austrian Monarch, and have formed a guard for his protection. Even in the rigors of the season, in the winter itself, he would have found the best and most powerful ally. Buonaparte could neither have advanced with safety, nor have fallen back without disgrace and confusion.

Before him lay Olmutz, one of the strongest fortified places in Europe, inaccessible in a great measure, from the marshes that surround it; garrisoned, and provisioned for a siege. How formidable a barrier it presents against an invader, may be estimated by the ineffectual attempt which the great Frederic made in person, to ren-

der himself master of it in 1758. Behind Buonaparte, about fifty miles in his rear, ran the Danube; while the Archduke Charles, at the head of an army which had repulsed Massena, was on his march towards Vienna, through the western provinces of Hungary. In Bohemia, the Archduke Ferdinand, after defeating the Bavarians opposed to him, might soon extend assistance to his brothers. Nor could it be doubted that the Prussian forces, who were advancing through Franconia, must have taken eventually a decisive part in the contest, by joining the allies. Famine, cold, darkness, and all the diseases, as well as calamities, incident to a winter campaign in an enemy's country, were about to assail the French; and to teach their leader a second time the mutability of fortune, which he experienced before Acre.

Such were the circumstances, and such the aspect of affairs, at the time when the Emperor of Germany thought proper to accept an armistice, and to conclude a peace. My profound respect for the probity, the virtues, and the upright intentions of that unfortunate prince, would im-

pel me to draw a veil over his weakness; if the misfortunes to which it has already given birth, and the more incalculable evils which must result from it to Europe, did not forbid me to sacrifice to a false delicacy, the truth of history. Francis the Second has consummated what Louis the Sixteenth began! As the latter of those sovereigns surrendered France to revolution and anarchy; so has the former delivered over Germany to pillage, spoliation, and subversion.

In vain would His Imperial Majesty seek, in the most humiliating periods of the Austrian annals, any precedent of such degradation among his predecessors. The Emperors Ferdinand the Second and Third, though repeatedly defeated by the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, and his allies the French, yet resisted for thirty years, and finally surmounted the storm. Even the pusillanimous Leopold, who, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks in 1683, fled to Passau; yet retained at least so much dignity, and respect for his character as a man, as not to ask an interview with Cara Mustapha, and solicit peace from the Vizier. Maria Theresa, who,

under a female form, possessed a manly and magnanimous mind; abandoned her capital, it is true, in 1741, when the French and Bavarians advanced to the suburbs of Vienna. But she retired, only to return more formidable; and she found, as she deserved to find, in the loyalty and affection of her Hungarian subjects, the means of expelling her enemies. Her situation was neither less perilous, nor less desperate, than that of her grandson; but, she manifested a spirit far different. Destitute of allies, without armies or treasures, and assailed by the victorious Frederic in Silesia, while Marshal Belleisle overran Austria and Bohemia; she might have found in her sex, and in her very dereliction, some justification for such a peace as that of Presburg. She nevertheless disdained it, and Providence crowned her efforts with merited success. Had the same spirit happily animated the counsels of her descendant, similar consequences must have resulted from it to the Austrian monarchy.

From the contemplation of a subject, which offers such ample matter for unavailing regret; we turn by an obvious, and almost unavoidable

transition, to another, on which it is scarcely possible any longer to fix a steady eye. The French *Empire*, (as it is now denominated), from its magnitude, its influence, its energies, its victories, and its pretensions, may well astonish the stoutest political mind. Its ostensible limits, geographically considered, vast as they are, form its least formidable point of view. The principles of its government, the undefined nature of its plans and objects, which always stretch beyond the apparent motive or pretext, ever employed to veil its secret purposes; the mixture of military despotism and monarchical authority, with revolutionary arts, by which it subverts, while it conquers:—this combination of powers, not less profound and subtle, than strong and irresistible, seems to bid defiance to all the attempts made to restrain its progress. To endeavour to deceive ourselves, by averting from it our eyes; or to represent it as not replete with the most imminent, as well as overwhelming danger, would be to impose on our understandings. It must be considered: it must be met; or we shall sink under its attack.

That Europe has been, at various periods of past time, menaced with similar, though not with as great danger of subjection, I shall however admit. There are particularly three eras, within the space of the last three hundred years, when *universal Monarchy* appeared to the terrified imaginations of our ancestors, and even to the sober judgment of the wisest statesmen, to have been not far from its realization. Let us in few words, consider those situations. We may certainly derive from the survey, some information; if not from the comparison, any consolation.

The *first* arose from the success, the power, and the ambition, of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. After the battle of Pavia, where Francis the First became his prisoner, and was transferred as a captive to the castle of Madrid; Charles, who united the vast dominions of the Spanish monarchy, to the Imperial crown, seemed to be raised too high for opposition or controul. Europe trembled for its independence, and appeared to be unequal to long resistance. But, the disunited nature and position of the different states subjected to Charles's sceptre; the limited au-

thority which he possessed over some of them; and the want of finances adequate to his projects; compelled him ultimately to desist from the attempt, and extricated Europe from the danger of universal subjection.

His gigantic views of empire and of aggrandizement devolved to his son, Philip the Second; from whose cold and systematic ambition, similar, and even greater inroads on the freedom or security of Europe, were justly apprehended. Master of the treasures of the New World; sovereign of Portugal, and all her possessions in the East; aided in his schemes of dominion, by the German branch of the House of Austria; and on the point of seeing France added to his immense territories, by the aid of the Revolutionists of that period: he inspired, for near twenty years, a terror little short of that which Buonaparte actually diffuses. But, the magnanimity of Elizabeth, the heroism of Henry the Fourth, and the pertinacious resistance of the Dutch, under the Princes of the House of Orange, overcame the Armadas and the armies of Philip. Europe was saved a second time.

It was reserved for Louis the Fourteenth to renew the terror, if not to resume the projects, of Charles, and of Philip. During a period of almost seven and twenty years, from the peace of Nimeguen in 1678, to the memorable victory at Blenheim; almost every surrounding state either became his stipendiary, or his vassal. Possessing many of the qualities that constitute a superior prince, adored by his subjects, sustained in the cabinet by ministers of distinguished ability, and victorious in the field; he looked down on the kings, his contemporaries. From the elevation of Versailles, he dictated his pleasure throughout Europe. The pertinacity and courage of William the Third, nevertheless, retarded his progress; till the genius and talents of Marlborough, conducting a great coalition of sovereigns, arrested his further course. Before the close of his reign, France severely paid the forfeit of his arrogance and his ambition.

It is not perhaps in the extension of the French empire, simply considered, so much as in the genius and character of its chief, that we see the magnitude of the present impending calamity.

If we revolve in our minds the list of his victories and his achievements within the last ten years;—I had almost said within the last ten weeks;—and if we reflect upon what comparatively insignificant or inferior princes, the adulation of their subjects and courtiers has conferred the most flattering epithets; we shall not, if we are candid, be inclined to dispute his title to that of Great. If his feet, like those of Octavius, and of Constantine, stand in blood; his head is lost in the clouds. Sprung from a private, though not from an obscure family, seated in an island of the Mediterranean, which was long subjected to the tyranny of the Genoese; he possesses, in an eminent degree, the characteristic vices of a Corsican. But, even these, under the guidance of a vigorous and intelligent mind, may perhaps have oftener aided, than impeded his ambitious projects. Not less profound and subtle in planning, than rapid in executing his plans, he no sooner meditates, than he inflicts the wound. His march from Boulogne to Austerlitz, under all the circumstances of season, distance, and opposition; may be put in competition with any thing furnished by antiquity.

His dexterity in moulding, terrifying, and finally coercing the states and princes, with whom he treats or contends; have no parallel, I believe, either in antient or in modern history. The ramifications of his Machiavelian and sagacious policy, extend to the extremities of Europe; and are perhaps most severely felt, where they are least obvious or perceptible. Even those who most detest his machinations, must admit their depth, and must deprecate their effects.

Intimately acquainted with the character of the nation which he governs, aware of the levity, the vanity, and the ostentation, which have ever distinguished them; he has consulted these foibles, in his selection of the *title* that he arrogates. There is in the *imperial* dignity, a recognised superiority to the *regal*, by the universal consent of mankind. Nations, like individuals, are influenced by names, even more than by things. France, once constituted an *Empire*, can never recede from that pretension, nor sink into the rank of *Kingdoms*. Perhaps, a deeper blow was never inflicted on the expatriated family of the Capets, than when Buonaparte assumed the title

and the insignia of *Emperor of the French*. Those who attribute this denomination only to motives of personal vanity, can have ill appreciated his profound policy.

In the titles which he *bestows*, no less than in those which he *assumes*, who does not perceive the same systematic intention? Who does not see the utter impossibility of compelling *Kings*, however constituted, to divest themselves of their royalty, to lay aside their crowns, and return into the class of *Dukes*, or of *Electors?* Who does not recognise the Roman policy of constituting around him, dependant kings? Who does not behold in the Kings of Wirtemberg and of Bavaria, the renovated phantoms of Pergamus, and of Bythinia? Buonaparte does not simply conquer, like Charles the Twelfth. His acquisitions are designed to last for ages. Already, with consummate ability, does he prepare to entwine about his parent stock, the great continental families of the second order; whom he elevates to the first rank, while he admits them to the distinction of his alliance. Already the names of Buonaparte, and of Beauharnois, begin to mingle with the

most antient Houses of the German empire. His roots strike deep into the soil, while sovereign princes repose under his branches, and his summit is invested with all the pomp of majesty.

When, from contemplating the *Head* of the French empire, we attempt to estimate the magnitude and resources of the *Empire* itself, we almost recede, with amazement and apprehension, from the prospect. How feeble were the means, how limited the territories, and how inferior was the power which, under Louis the Fourteenth, excited so much alarm in the bosoms of our ancestors! If we assert that the actual population and dominions of Buonaparte, as sovereign of the French empire and of Italy, are doubled since the death of Louis the Fourteenth, we shall certainly not transgress the strictest limits of truth. When that monarch, ambitious as he was, attempted to pass the frontiers of his own states; he found, on every side, barriers, natural and artificial, to arrest his progress. Would he invade *Italy?* He met, behind the snows and the precipices of the Alps,

almost inattackable fortresses, a race of mountaineers, trained to war, and conducted by princes, in whose line capacity and courage seemed to be in some measure hereditary. Did he turn his arms against *Flanders?* It presented a porcupine's back, bristled at every pore. Between the two extremities of Luxembourg and of Ostend, not fewer than forty places, great and small, on which the genius of Cohorn had exhausted its talents, impeded his advances: behind them, the *Dutch Brabant* presented another range of garrisons, scarcely less formidable. Was it towards the *German frontier* that he directed his views? He could not pass the Rhine without meeting similar obstacles at the first step, and without contending for every inch of ground.

All these barriers, constructed and maintained with so much blood and treasure, are now swept away. Piedmont and Savoy are swallowed up in the French territory: Flanders, long since incorporated with that immense monarchy, has lost even its name. The Rhine is as completely French, from its source to its mouth, as the

Garonne, or the Seine. To the ports of Belgium, are added those of Italy. Ostend, Genoa, Nice, the Isle of Elba, the Gulf of La Spezzia, the Mouths of the Po, the City of Venice, and all the harbours of that extinct Republic in Istria and Dalmatia, own the same common ruler. The Adriatic and the Ionian seas are his. To compare such power, such dominions, and such means, with those of any sovereign whom Europe has seen since the fall of the Western Empire, were to add mockery to misfortune.

It would, nevertheless, be happy if his influence were limited even by these frontiers, remote as they are. If independent nations still subsisted beyond the ostensible borders of Buonaparte's acquisitions, we might hope at least to repress, though not to repel, or to subdue, in our future struggles. But he has already encircled his new empire with tributary states, who move by his machinery, and who exist only by his permission, or protection. Holland, which so long braved the power of Philip the Second; Switzerland, which triumphed over the Aus-

trian and the Burgundian princes; are become virtually a portion of France. In Baden, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, he beholds only his lieutenants maintaining his troops, stationed on the eastern outposts, towards Austria and Prussia. Their crowns, their forces, their treasures, and their resources, are all alike at his disposal.

To enumerate the nominal princes of Italy, ecclesiastical or temporal, among the states of Europe, would be a waste of time: but can *Spain*, or can *Portugal*, be considered as less subjected to his controul? Do not both those powers contribute, either openly or secretly, to the completion of his most unjust, or most pernicious and destructive schemes of conquest? Do they not present their throats to the knife, and kiss the hand which inflicts the outrage? How long will his policy, or his forbearance, allow them to retain even the external form, and the empty Insignia, of free or independent states? Do we not already justly anticipate the subversion of the actual order of things in both those countries? Does not Charles the Fourth see in the revolutionary mirror, his future fate? Does

he fondly hope to appease the enmity, with which Buonaparte must of necessity regard every branch of the Bourbon race? Does he vainly dream to escape the toils in which the head of his line was entangled? If he does, he will find his error when too late. Portugal can oppose no resistance. Bereft of the Tyrol, and of Venice; disarmed, plundered, and vanquished; degraded as a military power; and thrust, as it were, out of Germany, as well as out of Italy; encircled by the armies of Buonaparte, whether called by that denomination, or by other names; what further impediment to his ambition can *Austria* present? In Madrid, in Lisbon, and in Vienna, the orders of the French despot can scarcely excite less attention, or produce less prompt obedience, than at Munich, or at Stutgard.

Let us not deceive ourselves by empty names. There exist only *five* independent monarchies, at this day, in Europe; for I consider the Ottoman empire as more properly Asiatic, though admitted into the pale of diplomatic circumscription. Of these five states that yet stand

erect, the two Scandinavian powers, *Denmark* and *Sweden*, removed by situation beyond the Baltic, and only connected by feeble territorial ties, with the north of Germany, can enter little into any calculations made for repressing the tyranny of France: they may contribute some feeble aid, indeed, to the common cause; but they can never turn the balance.

Russia might, it is true, enter the lists with Buonaparte, and contend single-handed against him: but Muscovy is too remote to come into contact with the French empire, unless as an auxiliary; and how little she has achieved in that character, recent experience too well demonstrates. Those two prodigious states may clash, perhaps, eventually, at the mouth of the Adriatic, or on the banks of the Euxine: but we ought, if we are wise, rather to dread her alliance with France, than to expect decisive support from Russia, in future wars. However the magnanimity, or the virtues of the present Emperor, may have impelled him to take an active part in the late unfortunate coalition, Buonaparte can unquestionably hold out tempt-

ations to the Cabinet of Petersburgh, difficult to be resisted. The southern frontiers of Alexander, spreading along the Caspian, are scarcely seventy days march from Dehli; and mankind are become familiarized to revolutions. I do not think it proper to press heavier upon this delicate chord.

Can we then look to *Prussia* for that effectual assistance which the exigency demands? She is the fourth power that has not yet bowed the neck, and she presents, at first sight, a formidable aspect. Her victories and her successful struggles, under the great Frederic, against one of the most numerous combinations that Europe has ever witnessed, are not yet, by any means, forgotten. A prodigious military force, which has not hitherto measured itself against the troops of Buonaparte; finances well administered, a treasury overflowing, garrisons and fortifications in the highest order, a sovereign beloved by his people, a cabinet cautious, politic, circumspect, and vigilant—all these advantages are indisputably to be conceded to Prussia. Saxony, Hesse, and probably Mecklenburg,

would range under her standard, against France. She might pour in upon Holland, or upon Belgium; and if aided by England, she might still shake the vast edifice of Buonaparte.—But, will Prussia hazard so awful an experiment? Has she manifested hitherto a disposition to commit to the chance of arms, her existence as a nation? Or, has she not rather evinced a readiness to avail herself of every opportunity that might offer, to augment her territories by negotiation, and to repose upon her military force for domestic security and protection? Did she resent those infractions of her neutrality, which, if she had been so inclined, might have furnished a recent and an obvious ground of quarrel? Has she not displayed more ambition than good faith, in her seizure of Hanover?—That nevertheless, we should sedulously cultivate the friendship, and cement the ties, which already connect us with the Court of Berlin, is incontestible. That we may derive from that quarter, on some future occasion, the most opportune, and the most important assistance, is equally unquestionable. But all such reliance must be

precarious, and to repose upon it would argue equal credulity and folly. It is not from the Continent, in its present convulsed and tottering state, that we must look for efficient co-operation, or permanent relief. It is only in our own wisdom, courage, and virtue, that safety is to be found.

Never, at any former period of time, did invasion approach under a more formidable shape than in 1806! Never could invasion have so able a conductor, or one animated by so many motives to impel him to the attempt! Ambition, vengeance, glory, spoliation, all combine. In the prime of his age, he unites all the energies of body and of mind. Surrounded, like the Macedonian conqueror, by generals of consummate skill, and followed by an army accustomed to consider nothing insurmountable to his genius, he can have no impediments to combat at home. Accountable to no tribunal, he can hazard the most desperate enterprises, secure of impunity. Superintending every movement in person, he commits little to chance, and less to delegated authority. Restrained by no severe rules of poli-

tical morality; always recurring to fiction and artifice, where force cannot effect his purpose; employing all the engines of sedition and of convulsion; if he cannot conquer, he may nevertheless subvert.

Combining the two extremes of despotism and of democracy: an Emperor in name, but in act a Jacobin; ever affecting to offer peace, while he lets loose the ravages of war: courting the people, at the same moment that he insults the Sovereign, or outrages the Government: brandishing in one hand the sword, but dextrously concealing in the other, the wires of Anarchy or Revolution: converting the Press to every nefarious use, though exclaiming against the abuse of that weapon, when directed to expose his own violations of faith or treaty: greedy of glory, but regardless of reputation; he resembles nothing which Europe has beheld in past times, and can neither be compared to Attila, to Clovis, nor to Charlemagne. We might be led to fancy that Milton, in describing the King of Terrors, by prophetic anticipation pourtrayed this new Monarch; sprung like a phantom, from the

ashes of the French Revolution, shadowy, undefinable, and terrific.

——— "The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb:
Or substance might be called, that shadow seemed:
For each seemed either: black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on——."

Formidable, nevertheless, as he unquestionably is, the machine which he has organized, is infinitely more an object of rational apprehension. Those who fondly suppose that it would not survive his dissolution, either cannot, or will not see the profound ability with which it is constructed and cemented. The death of Buonaparte, which may happen at any moment, in the ordinary course of human events, from the accidents of war, or from domestic treason, might derange, for a short period, the interior wheels; but could not deprive the empire of the *vis insita* by which it is now steadily propelled. As well might the Roman Republic have permanently

revived after the assassination of Cæsar, as the House of Bourbon return to France after the death of Buonaparte. The family of Stuart was, it is true, restored in England; but Cromwell had not revolutionized Europe, subverted, and re-created it. Neither his power, his policy, nor his conquests, can enter into any comparison with those of Napoleon. He was only the *Protector* of a single state; and that state an insular one, dissevered from the Continent. Buonaparte, however we may denominate him an Usurper, or a Tyrant, is not less the acknowledged Emperor of France, the King of Italy, and the Arbiter of Europe. His political institutions will survive his personal existence; and were he to perish to-morrow, the great dignitaries, military and civil, whom he has raised to the highest rank and offices, would, like the Prætorian guards, infallibly perpetuate their own greatness, by placing on the vacant throne, some member of his family.

In this situation, with this prospect before us, and about to contend for the soil on which we tread, with such an antagonist; it will be ad-

mitted by all, that the greatest exertions, sacrifices, and renunciations, are not more than commensurate to the magnitude of the danger. It is not merely the *external* enemy with whom we have to contend. There is in every state, and in every country, an *internal* adversary more dangerous, because less visible. We are not exempt from such insidious foes: they are known by instinct to the invader, and he counts on them as his best auxiliaries. To them he will address his Rescripts, his Bulletins, and his Proclamations. They perfectly understand his meaning, however dark and oracular. Hidden at the present hour, but waiting for the signal to quit their lurking-places, they will answer to the summons, the dagger in their hand. How are we to disarm these intestine traitors, and to nullify their efforts? By demonstrating that whatever inequality nature or fortune may have made between man and man; the laws, the contributions, and the remunerations, are all modelled on principles of the most impartial and severe equity. By ascertaining what are the physical powers of the island, by calling out its population, by imposing equal contribution on every species of

property, and by providing adequate rewards for such as may meritoriously bleed, or fall in the service of their country.

The first great and immediate act of legislative authority should be a survey of every parish in the kingdom; stating not only the number of its inhabitants, their ages, and professions, but accurately distinguishing the arable, pasture, woodland, and waste, in each district. In order to render such a register complete, a return should be sent to Government of the number of draught oxen, young cattle, cows, sheep, draught horses, as well as horses kept for pleasure; and lastly of hogs, within every parish. A Minister, or a Secretary of State, with such a document before him, would see at one glance, as in a mirror, the comparative, the local, and the aggregate faculties of Great Britain, or of the British Islands: he would be able to combine his plans of defence, on grounds secure from mistake or from deception: he would ascertain where the strength, and where the weakness of the country lay; and he would issue orders, or adopt measures, not by the dim twilight of our present most imperfect returns; if,

indeed, we may be said to possess any such that deserve the name; but by the clearest demonstration, and most satisfactory evidence.

I shall perhaps be told, that such a register is impracticable or ideal. But I shall only be so told, by those who do not know, that it has long since been reduced to practice on the Continent. In the Milaneze, under the Austrian government, in the reign of Maria Theresa, such a survey, technically denominated "Cadastre," was actually made. Every acre of land in the state was measured by order of the Sovereign; and the facility, as well as the security, which it lent to the operations of finance, of commerce, of purchase and sale of property, of business in every line, was incalculable. Its realization here could be attended with no difficulty, except such as disaffection, or reluctance to aid the state, might attempt to raise. The redemption of the land-tax of each proprietor, would serve as a general register of landed property. A few months would suffice to carry the measure into complete execution. The benefits that must necessarily result from it, in a political point of view, are

too obvious, and too incontestible, to need elucidation. They supersede all argument, and force themselves on our conviction.

A second measure, arising in some degree out of the survey of the lands, connecting itself with the first, and engrafted upon it, would be a more extensive armed population. The volunteer system, however worthy of commendation, is not, and cannot be either sufficiently coercive, or, in many points of view, adequate to the pressure and magnitude of the danger. The list of the proprietors in every parish, would enable Government, on the most infallible returns, to ascertain the number and condition of persons possessing landed property. No apprehensions could justly be entertained of putting arms into their hands, and thus making property the agent and instrument of its own defence. The persons thus enrolled, should be compellable to serve not only in their own district, but wherever they might be ordered to march, in case of invasion. All the parade of military discipline, of uniforms, and of expensive accoutrements, should, as much as possible, be avoided; and every possible simpli-

city be studied in the manual exercise taught. To know how to load, to take aim, and to fire with coolness and precision, would be nearly sufficient. It was by a force thus constituted, that America rendered ineffectual all the efforts made by this country for her subjugation.

Assuming the population of Great Britain to be only ten millions, which is probably below the fact, we cannot doubt that a number, amounting to seven hundred thousand men, might be speedily trained and armed. They would include all the proprietors of the soil; and they would form a disciplined *Posse Comitatus*, acting in defence of the laws and constitution, under the direct authority of the Sovereign, the supreme head. Such a military institution, similarly organized, is in fact, we know, coeval almost with the English monarchy itself. Alfred, for whose character and measures we justly entertain a sort of veneration, had recourse to it against the Danes, the Invaders and Revolutionists of the tenth century; who, let it not be forgotten, finally subjected this island, under the feeble successors of Alfred, and reigned over us during a considerable series of years.

That illustrious prince, says one of Alfred's historians, " caused the *whole body* of the people to be trained to arms, and *registered* in their respective hundreds. Such of his subjects as were not upon duty at one time, attended the concerns of agriculture and commerce: but, when the campaign was finished, they in their turn performed their portion of military service. In consequence of this expedient, the kingdom was prepared for the reception of its enemies in all quarters. No sooner were the Danes on this part, than a sufficient number of military appeared ready to receive the invader. And if they retired from thence, and proceeded to another part, a similar force was found there to prevent their landing, or to punish their temerity, if they disembarked."

To these two leading measures, by which the *lands* would be *registered*, and every *proprietor* capable of bearing arms, *enrolled* for their defence; should be added a third provision, calculated to encourage, and to support in the discharge of his military duty, that part of the society which might be in a great degree, or alto-

gether, destitute of property. We well know how naturally asperity and poverty are allied, and how feeble are the ties which bind man to the state of which he is a member, when he has little or no stake in the common weal. It is to that class and description of subjects that the enemy, from the instant of his landing, will direct his blandishments, his temptations, and his promises. The incitements of interest are felt even by the most elevated minds. Can we doubt of the beneficial effects of that most admirable institution, "the Patriotic Fund," which wipes away the tear of distress, and softens the sufferings of the wounded, of the widow, and of the orphan? If some provision or arrangement were made, by which funds might be provided for the maintenance of such as fell in the service of their country, in case of invasion; what a stimulus would it not produce? Small annuities, proportioned to the injury sustained, or to the service rendered, levied in the nature of a Rate on each district, and secured through the agencies of Chartered Insurance; such a legislative donation would operate like a charm, and would baffle all the arts of Democracy within, or of

Invasion without, to disturb the tranquillity of the island.

But, there is a fourth measure, to the execution of which we are called and impelled by every motive of safety, as well as by every suggestion of prudence. I mean, to the rendering the south-east frontier of the kingdom more capable of repelling attack. That most vital and vulnerable part, where the two countries approach at one point, to scarcely more than nineteen miles of distance, demands all our vigilance. Along every part of the coast between Calais and Boulogne, the separation of England and France does not exceed seven to eight leagues. During the calms and light airs of summer, an enterprising enemy, such as we have to contend with, may row over from shore to shore, in five, six, or seven hours: while our blockading squadron, unable from want of wind to make sail, or even to move, unless as the tide may drift them, might either be assailed and scaled by immense numbers of the Flotilla sent against them; or would be altogether incapable of opposing effectually their passage.

Buonaparte, who has deeply considered the practicability, and revolved the means of carrying the attempt into execution; well knows the impossibility of contending with our fleets on the ocean. It is not from the Texel, or the Maese, from Brest, or from Rochfort, that he will ever seriously try the experiment of invasion; though he may make a simultaneous diversion from any, or all of those ports, in order to facilitate his descent. It is from the nearest portion of his coast that he will embark his legions. *There*, it is not a voyage, but a passage to this country. It might almost be performed upon a raft, or upon a plank, under certain circumstances.

The magnitude, continuation, and expence of his preparations, sufficiently indicate his determination. Rome never spoke a plainer language to Carthage. Not content with forming an immense accumulation of boats and small vessels at Boulogne; his indefatigable ardour, stimulated by antipathy, and seconded by the talents of the ablest professional Engineers, has almost subdued Nature herself. Surmounting all the impediments

presented by a shallow and sandy coast; adapting the nature of his Flotilla to the circumstances and local capacities of that part of his dominions; he has cleared away the obstructions to the entrance of the port of Ambleteuse; an obscure fishing town, nearly opposite to Folkstone, and only known in history as being the place where James the Second landed, in his flight from England, in 1688. Near three hundred boats, of various sizes and descriptions, are now ready at Ambleteuse. Between that port and Boulogne, only about nine miles north of the latter, he has constructed a third station, at the mouth of a small rivulet, Vimereux, capable of containing from forty to sixty vessels; and connecting the two more considerable deposits. From Cape Grisnez round to the southern entrance of the harbour of Boulogne, the whole shore may be justly termed a continued battery. How inattackable it has been hitherto found, our own repeated experience, and ineffectual attempts to approach it, sufficiently demonstrate. The *Stones*, with which one Administration proposed to fill up the harbour of Boulogne, by sinking them at its mouth; and the *Catamarans*, with which ano-

ther Minister attempted to burn, or to blow up the Flotilla; have only served to exasperate the enemy, while they exposed ourselves to ridicule.

But, can it be believed; will posterity credit the fact; that, while the genius of Buonaparte, in the short space of six years, has thus excavated harbours, deepened, enlarged, and fortified them; we, on the opposite shore, have not adopted any one of these energetic measures? We have indeed formed encampments along the coast, as well as constructed *Martello* towers in various places; and we have recently fortified the heights above Dover. But, each of these defences presupposes the landing of the enemy, and can only be useful under such a circumstance. The blockading squadron, on which we place so much reliance, may be either becalmed; or may be driven, as is perpetually the case, from off its station, by storms: and before it can resume its situation, the Flotilla may cross the narrow channel that is interposed between us. Even the most numerous fleet that can be moored in the Downs, may be chained motionless there by

strong south-west winds. Every naval officer will admit the accuracy of these assertions.

How is it possible, that up to the present moment we should not have thought of forming a harbour at Dover, capable of admitting frigates, and even those of the largest size? Nature herself has pointed it out as the only proper place for such a work, to be found between the South Foreland and Dungeness. The antient port, which unquestionably existed near the foot of the castle, where the little river then emptied itself into the sea; the traces of which yet remain; and which we know to have been filled up by our British ancestors, as early as the reign of Claudius, from a terror of the Roman arms: this port is capable of being again opened and re-established. Or, if it is thought more judicious, the present harbour, factitious and defective as it is, may be repaired, widened, deepened, and the Piers carried out a very considerable distance further into the sea. At present, every part of it is in a state of dilapidation and ruin, which loudly accuses the improvidence of Government.

Docks ought to be constructed, where ships of war may be promptly refitted; and every possible defence adopted for their protection. A Flotilla of small vessels, armed on the same principles as the French, should be collected, ready on the first signal to dispute his passage. I hope that I shall not be told of the expence which such a work would occasion. What! when we can vote so many millions, to bring Russians into Moravia, or to enable Austria to embody her forces; should we think it much to lay out one, or even two millions at Dover, where Buonaparte may effect a landing before next July? Would not the money be expended among ourselves? Such torpid indifference, or such procrastinating apathy, seems allied to infatuation.

I do not think proper, for many reasons, to examine into the probability of Buonaparte's success, if ever he shall actually land in this country, at the head of even so small a number as fifty thousand soldiers. That, if such an attempt be practicable, it is more likely to succeed under his direction, than in any other hands, will, I imagine, be admitted by all. Though

even a hundred thousand men were to perish in their passage across, yet as many more might be embarked, and might reach the coast, in defiance of all opposition. I know the contempt in which such an invasion is held by many: I am aware that it is desired by no inconsiderable portion of persons very capable of judging on the subject. Doubtless, in an enterprize so complicated, hazardous, and subject to a variety of accidents, chance may decide its issue, more than wisdom or skill. But, those who reflect on the events which have happened in past ages, who consider the relative nature of the forces, and the talents of the commanders on the two sides; and who know most accurately the strength, as well as the weakness of this Island; will be content with a negative triumph, and will not desire to see the question discussed by the bayonet on Barham Downs, as it was at Austerlitz.

The last great measure which it seems indispensible to adopt for our security, is an operation of Finance. It will not be disputed that the prosperity, the greatness, and, it may be added, the rank which England holds among the states of

Europe, depends principally for its support, on the preservation of our empire in India. That empire has risen to a point of extent and of magnitude, which it is scarcely possible to contemplate without incredulity. Perhaps, it is even become much more extensive, than in sound policy we ought to have wished. I shall not attempt, in an Ephemeral production of this kind, to state any opinion, or to pass either censure or Eulogium, on the general administration, the wars, or the acquisitions of territory, made by the Marquis Wellesley, as Governor General. Those conquests have necessarily been attended with a proportionate, and a prodigious accumulation of public debt.

If the actual revenues of India may be estimated at thirteen millions sterling; the public debt there incurred, may likewise, I fear, be stated at not much short of thirty-five millions. The interest, paid upon it, runs for the most part, at *ten*, and even at *twelve* per cent. Such have been the embarrassments that have already arisen from this cause, as greatly to impede, and in some instances, altogether to suspend, the

provision of commercial cargoes, by which the East India Company, and the Government of Great Britain, annually receive so great a financial support. It may even be justly dreaded that, should the war be long protracted, which we are now carrying on with France, Spain, and Holland; pecuniary difficulties may arise still more alarming. Military arrears, such as accumulated in 1785, may put us shortly under a necessity, either of sending out Specie from this country, with which to pay the army in India; or of risking a convulsion in the interior of Bengal.

Under such circumstances, a *Transfer* of the interest of the debt due in India, if it could be made to Great Britain, must be, it is obvious, a measure of incalculable public benefit. There can be little, or no doubt, that the great proportion of those individuals to whom the debt is due, would readily, and even gratefully consent to receive *six* per cent. interest for their respective demands; provided that some Guarantee, or security were given on the part of the State, under parliamentary sanction, for their certain and regular payment in this country. A new

capital would thus be formed, and thrown into the hands of the East India Company, for commercial purposes. That capital would pay its *income returns* in England; and the paper of the East India Company would thereby stand exactly in Asia, as the paper of the Bank of England does in London. By such an arrangement, the interest of the territorial debt contracted in India, would virtually become united and blended with the British funds. I need not attempt to point out the security which would result from it to the State, and to the Country: since it is evident that the fortunes and property of all the great Proprietors in India, would be intimately and inseparably connected with the public credit of England. Had America been retained by such a tie, we had never lost the thirteen Colonies. But, the case was there completely reversed, and the consequences were such as might naturally be expected. If the interest of the India debt were once made payable *here*, emancipation and revolution *there*, would be for ever disarmed. The efforts which the French Government might make to attack us in that quarter, must then be sustained by the re-

mittance of treasure. Such exertions would only exhaust the enemy, and would form additional supplies to the British revenues in India.

A nation which has sufficient virtue and energy to adopt measures such as I have presumed to suggest, needs not deprecate the wrath, nor tremble at the menaces of Buonaparte. Like the Roman Senate, they may send him a javelin and a Caduceus, for his choice. Secure from internal convulsion, they may defy foreign attack. He will neither inspire apprehension in his Imperial, nor in his Jacobinical character; neither as the leader of an army, nor as the conductor of a revolution. He will, himself, be the first to perceive the danger and the folly of such an experiment: for no man possesses a nicer political tact, or appears to judge more soundly on matters which are submitted to his consideration. If he erred before Acre, he has profited by that lesson; and when persuaded of the impracticability of invasion, he will be the first not merely to profess, but to feel a wish for peace.

To what other object can *we*, indeed, any longer, look, except to peace? Or, what definite end can we now propose to ourselves by continuing the war? Do we hope to form a new Coalition; and to fight over again the Moravian campaign, in Brandenburgh, or in Hanover? Do we imagine that we can conduct Louis the Eighteenth from Kiow to Paris? Can we dethrone this dreaded Corsican, restore to Austria the provinces which he has ravished from her, unmake the kings that he has created, strip him of his usurped Purple, and order him to lay down his imperial Crown and Mantle, as Rome dictated to Antiochus, or to Jugurtha? Can we regenerate France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland? We may triumph on the water, and other Nelsons may renew other Trafalgars. We may annihilate his navy, and crush his commerce. We may perhaps insult his coasts with impunity, or bombard his towns: But we cannot go farther. Our means are altogether inadequate.

Perhaps we may begin to perceive that all the advantages of war have been exclusively hitherto

the portion of Napoleon. It may be reasonably questioned whether, humiliating as was the Peace of Amiens in some respects, it would not, nevertheless, have been wise to adhere to it. He was, in 1803, only First Consul: he is now an Emperor, a King, and out of all competition, the most powerful, as well as formidable sovereign in Europe. In 1803, Austria, though worsted and defeated, was nevertheless, still mistress of the Tyrol, of Trent and Brixen, of the Venetian dominions, of Constance, of the Brisgau, of the Inverthal. She is now crushed, fallen, and I fear, dishonoured. In 1803, Germany, however shaken, yet retained some vestiges of its antient feudal form, institutions, and majesty. We no longer recognize what was once the German Empire. It is only a ruin. These are facts which cannot be contested by the warmest advocates for war, and they speak with most persuasive eloquence.

Is it then for *Malta*, that we would continue to fight?—We appear greatly to have overrated the value and importance of that Island. As an Emporium, as a central point to which

we may carry out our own productions, and there receive in exchange those of the Levant; it would, no doubt, be an acquisition of consequence. If completely dismantled, and its fortifications razed, it would still so continue. But, as a post of war, from whence we are to command the Levant, and to impede the progress of Buonaparte in the Archipelago, or in Egypt, if he shall think proper to renew his enterprizes in that quarter, it can afford little aid. He is already master of the whole coast of Dalmatia, along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, down to Cattaro. Whenever he shall so please, he will take possession of the ports of the Morea; Modon, Coron, and Napoli di Malvasia. At any of those places, he is near four hundred miles nearer to Egypt than Malta, and can cross over to Alexandria in a few days.

But, why should we dread the resumption, or the execution of his designs on *Egypt?* What did he gain by his last expedition to that country? What fruits did his army reap from all their toils? As little as Cambyses. I would prefer seeing him at Cairo, or at Damietta,

rather than at Dover, or at Canterbury. The shores of Egypt do not interest me, like the coasts of Sussex, and of Kent. Far from apprehending, or deprecating his attack on that country, I should rather encourage him to renew the attempt. The military and revolutionary ardour of his soldiers may there find a vent. He will still meet on the banks of the Nile, those plagues which have rendered it memorable in sacred history. Neither the ports of Suez, nor of Cosire, where even wholesome water is not to be procured, will easily become, even under his plastic hand, another Boulogne. Nor will he find the navigation of the Red Sea, on whose arid banks not a twig is to be discerned, as practicable as that of the Atlantic, or the Mediterranean.

But, grant that he were to construct, like Solomon, a fleet upon that narrow gulf; can we not close it at our pleasure? Does not the little island of Perim completely command the entrance? Did we not occupy that island in the late war; and cannot we again take possession of it at any moment? Two ships of the

line and four frigates, stationed off Cape Bab-el-Mandel, would be sufficient to stifle in its birth every project of Buonaparte for invading India, by way of the Gulf of Mocha. Those who permit their repose to be disturbed by such Chimæras, would act wisely to consider whether there are not domestic evils which menace us from invasion, far more probable and more imminent. They may be assured that Napoleon, instructed by experience and misfortune, knows how to appreciate Egypt; and will not renew his attack upon the Mamelukes, or attempt a second time to penetrate to the antient Thebes, without very cogent reasons. But I return from this digression.

If we should be induced to admit that, under the existing circumstances of England and of France, peace is either necessary or desirable; we cannot refuse, in that point of view, to consider the decease of Mr. Pitt as an event propitious to its consummation. Indeed, his friends themselves, when the first natural emotions of their sorrow have subsided, may probably not dispute that his death took place at a

moment, when he could neither have augmented his own personal fame, nor have contributed to the glory and felicity of his country. For, how, we may ask, after the recent Catastrophe in Austria, and the dissolution of the confederacy formed to humble Buonaparte; could he continue the war, with any rational prospect of essential benefit? How, on the other hand, could he solicit peace; or on what conditions, consistent with his own principles and declarations, could he hope to obtain it? From this embarrassing situation, he has been, fortunately for himself, rescued by death. Perhaps his end was accelerated, and it was unquestionably embittered, by the reverses sustained on the Continent:—reverses, for which, it would seem, that he was not prepared; and which, if so, must have pressed heavier on his enfeebled constitution. His friends will, indeed, no doubt regret that he did not finish his career a few weeks earlier, under the impression excited by the glorious victory of Trafalgar. They will naturally lament that his funeral car did not follow that of Lord Nelson; and that he could not, like Germanicus, exclaim—"*Ceci-*

dissem certe nondum tot flagitiorum exercitui conscius." Like Elizabeth, it was his lot, after "blazing out with so much lustre in the eyes of all Europe," to terminate his course under the darkest political clouds.

That he was one of the most illustrious persons whom England has ever produced; that he possessed talents unequalled for swaying and managing a popular assembly; that as a Minister of Finance, he conferred by some acts of his Administration—I allude in particular to the sinking Fund—the greatest benefits on his country; that he possessed eloquence, copious, sublime, and affecting; firmness unshaken in the most alarming exigences, connected with purity and contempt of interest rarely found among men: finally, that he conducted the public affairs amidst circumstances and convulsions which have no parallel or precedent in modern times:—these facts, and these Eulogiums, even his enemies seem not to contest. "*Finis vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus, amicis tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine cura fuit.*" But I am, nevertheless,

by no means prepared to admit that he was "an excellent statesman."

The honours and marks of public respect, conferred on him by the late votes of the House of Commons, are highly creditable to the Representatives of a great, a generous, and a grateful nation. The City of London appears, however, like the Senate, after the decease of Hadrian, to have been uncertain whether they should decree him divine honours, or condemn his memory to reprobation. His Apotheosis was only carried by a feeble majority; and his statue may perhaps remain unfinished. This nearly poised division of sentiment on the merits of a Minister, so soon after his decease, in a meeting composed of the principal municipal magistrates and delegates of the first commercial city in the world, who must be supposed capable of well appreciating his title to praise, is deserving of notice. It may lead us to pause, before we venture definitively to assign him the highest place in the list of those who have governed and preserved nations. Time alone can permanently fix his

rank, when the prejudices and partialities of the hour are forgotten.

If we impartially consider the members of the new Cabinet, as combining a portion of *Intellect*, we surely shall not hesitate to pronounce them far superior to that which has just passed away. It would be invidious to descend to personal allusions or designations. Mr. Pitt was himself the Cabinet; and while the vigour of his mind and constitution remained, his Atlantean shoulders supported the fabric. He had more than one coadjutor of talents, it must be admitted: but the far greater number of those who composed the Administration, were unquestionably selected for other merits than those of statesmen. If stars and ribands could have saved a nation, we might have been secure. But, from the instant of Lord Melville's dismission; with the single exception of Lord Hawkesbury in one House, and of Lord Castlereagh in the other; what shall we say to the rest? They will soon relapse into oblivion: an oblivion which in all probability will never be disturbed.

The character of Lord Grenville, and I would hope, of Mr. Windham too, seem to guarantee the *Principles* of the new Administration. While they remain in His Majesty's councils, we may venture confidently to hope that no unbecoming, or unworthy sacrifices will be made of the majesty of the Throne, or of the dignity of the nation. On the other hand, the mixture of popular leaven in the ministerial composition, may produce the most beneficial consequences. The introduction of persons into the confidential councils of the Crown, who have, at almost every period of the war, since its commencement in 1793, condemned, or reprobated it; and whom vulgar clamour has accused of a leaning towards democratic opinions; must necessarily operate to excite in France a conciliating disposition. The name of Mr. Fox, as a member of the Cabinet, and peculiarly in the department at the head of which he is placed, will operate with electric effect on Buonaparte.

Perhaps Mr. Fox may not feel grateful for this observation, which nevertheless is not intended to convey any latent, or empoisoned in-

sinuation. I am much deceived in him, if, however ardently he may wish for peace, he will either desire or consent to purchase it on conditions, or by humiliations, injurious to his character, or his country. If he does, it is then, and not till then, that he may be pronounced fallen. It will not surely be imputed to him as matter of blame or of condemnation, that he is personally known to Buonaparte; that he has had opportunities of studying his character; that he is not unacceptable to a man, who, whatever be his crimes, or his demerits as relative to this country, holds in his hands at this hour the destinies of Europe: in a word, that he has not, like his predecessor, rendered all accommodation with the Head of the French Government, almost impracticable, from mutual antipathy, recrimination, and accusation.

I consider the formation of the actual Administration, as the first dawn of peace. It may be obscured, retarded, or extinguished, by numberless events: but the prospect is at least cheering, provided that it can be attained on solid, and on honourable conditions. Buona-

parte must anxiously desire it for a thousand reasons. Elevated as he is, what can he ask more of Fortune, except stability? What object can be to him so dear, as the recognition of that government and country, which has so long opposed, and so repeatedly arrested, as well as humbled his power? We are well justified in supposing, and in expecting, that he will not think it too dearly purchased, even by some concessions, and some sacrifices. We must manifest on our side, similar inclinations. Where the wish is mutual, the business is already more than half completed.

If we mean that such a peace between the two nations shall be lasting, it becomes us to display a magnanimous and liberal spirit at its commencement. Reciprocal oblivion must pass its veil over the past. We must *suppose* some virtues in the man with whom we treat. We must try to render him malleable; not irritate, or indurate his irritable mind. If he cannot be crushed, he must be soothed. Either he must be admitted into the pale of kings, or he is compelled of necessity to endeavour to melt down

in his revolutionary crucible, all the antient sovereigns of Europe who continue to treat him as an upstart, a plunderer, and an usurper. We must finally acknowledge him as *de facto* the Emperor of the French, the representative of Pharamond, of Charlemagne, and of Hugh Capet.

If we hope to insure durable peace, we must demonstrate to him, that we will not relax in our preparations for domestic security. We must form ports, construct Flotillas, and cover the coast from the South Foreland to Beachy Head, with *Martello* towers. Above all, the navy must be maintained at a high establishment. Seals and parchments will afford no protection. We must adopt those great internal regulations, alluded to in the course of this work, which are manifestly dictated and enforced by necessity. In order to cement such a treaty, we should not think it beneath the dignity or the policy of the state, to select for our ambassador, a man who may be acceptable to the Head of the French Government. It is not enough that he have the qualities of the body; that he possess a fine

form, regular features, or be six feet high. He should be temperate, conciliating, wise; and disposed even to make such concessions, if necessary, as may, without compromising the honour of the Crown or Nation, afford time for extinguishing those sparks of fire, which, from the ashes of so vast a conflagration, must long continue to be emitted.

Last, and assuredly not least, if we truly desire to perpetuate the amity of the two countries, we must not forget that Buonaparte has risen from a private station to a throne; that he is exquisitely susceptible and alive to every insinuation, or attack, upon the means by which he has attained, as well as the arts by which he must preserve, that iron sceptre which he grasps: that the acts of his public life, whether in his military, his Consular, or his Imperial capacity, are of a nature not to support a moral examination: that the sounds of Jaffa, of Enghien, and of Toussaint, like the name of Mortimer to Henry the Fourth, must ever be odious to his ear.

A Prince, who, to every hereditary and constitutional title, adds almost every moral quality that can elevate the mind, or adorn the heart; who has reigned more years than even Elizabeth did, over a loyal and an affectionate people; who has manifested more firmness and strength of character, under the most trying circumstances, than any, or all his Ministers, since 1761: who has never desired to pass the limits of the prerogative entrusted to him by the Constitution; who, under the severest afflictions and privations, has come like gold, purified out of the fire; whose subjects offer incessant vows to Heaven for the prolongation of his invaluable life; who might present to mankind, as a husband, and a father, a pattern of exemplary duty, that has never been exceeded, and rarely equalled; who might repose secure on the bosom of any of his subjects, without the protection of guards or bayonets; who derives from religion the best consolations under every misfortune; and who, in the evening of his days, beholds himself surrounded by seven sons; every one of whom, (whatever human frailties or errors they may have) would be found, as the country well knows,

at his post, and in his proper place, whenever public duty, or public danger, called him forth:—such a Prince, secure in the hearts of his people, may smile at the violence of faction. He will bear, with manly temper, even those sometimes severe animadversions on parts of his public conduct, which, happily, the genius of our free constitution does in a proper degree allow.

But, I repeat it; if we desire to remain at peace with Buonaparte, let us beware how we venture to treat him with the same freedom as we do George the Third! He is made of other materials. He cannot stand the severity of the Press, whether it be applied to his person, his title, or his actions. He will resent with the *sword*, the insults offered by the *pen*. Those who know the secret history of the infraction of the late peace, know that the asperity of our diurnal publications, operated deeply to produce, and to accelerate the final rupture. They know that the heart of Napoleon was ulcerated, if I may so express myself, by the corrosives of the British press. He let loose, on his side, the same violent engines.

If the present Administration of this country, without attempting to fetter public opinion, or to impose the slightest restraint on the proper freedom of the press; will, nevertheless, rather mollify, than inflame; rather repress and discourage, than sanction or justify any attacks on a man whom it is our interest to gain: if they will sincerely exert themselves to open, and to maintain a proper communication with the French Government, and with its Chief: and if they will avoid unnecessary collision, or personal outrages upon Buonaparte, which can answer no purpose except to widen the breach, and to render the wound incurable:—finally, if after the decease of Mr. Pitt, which seems to open so fair and natural an occasion; they will mingle conciliation and a pacific disposition, with the energy and activity that characterized his administration; a new æra will open. The violence of mutual antipathies will insensibly diminish; and a few months will probably produce a secure, an honourable, and a permanent peace.

FINIS.

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Thoughts on the relative
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